PREJUDICE DETECTED:

AN

ETHIC EPISTLE.

11630. b. 3
12

BY

T. BRECKNOCK, Esq;

K

Non, ut Porticibus, sic judiciis fruar ïsdem. HOR.

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LONDON:

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

ABRIDGED

FROM

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

IN

ABRIDGED

PREJUDICE

DETECTED:

TILL ſhall my Friend by tyrant Laws be ſway'd,
Nor claim his equal Right to be obey'd?
Like a vile Slave by *Prejudice* chain'd down
Row others Gallies, and *unman* his own.

Avert

Avert the Thought, the vulgar Road forſake,
And ſoar the flight free Reaſon's Plume wou'd take.
Give to the Mob (a ſenſeleſs, hoodwink'd Tribe)
To hold Opinions, that they once imbibe.
Still let them dread their Witch's baneful Pow'r;
Hear the Ghoſt ſhake his Chains at midnight Hour;
All Day the Deeds of ſome fierce Giant tell,
And dream all Night of Brimſtone, Fire, and Hell.
Let us, my Friend, for nobler Taſks deſign'd,
Purge theſe groſs, peccant Humours from the Mind.
Wipe the thick Film from off the viſual Beam;
View Objects as they are, not as they ſeem:
Float unconcern'd on Life's precarious Tide,
Reaſon our Compaſs, and plain Senſe our Guide.
If in the Fogs that intercept the Day,
Our Compaſs fail us, and our Pilot ſtray,

Let's

by sense is not meant understanding but passion
the impulses of nature

Let's wait, till ſome dim Proſpect we explore,
Then croud our Sails, and make th' uncertain Shore.
For ~~that's~~ this the utmoſt human ~~Senſe~~ wiſt pretends
~~To reach at Certainties by unknown Ends.~~
Still to mean well and trust uncertain Ends

What then is Knowledge? An Immenſe profound
No Line can fathom, and no Lead can ſound.
Who then is wiſe? Why, ſince we muſt allow
That nothing's certain, which, as ſuch, we know:
'Tis he, whoſe ſociably-projected Plan
Is to make Life as eaſy as he can.
Slave to no Sect, to no Opinion chain'd,
Howe'er advanc'd, or howſoe'er maintain'd.
For (after all our Quibbling) ~~Good and Ill~~ actions ſtill
~~Is an Opinion, not a Principle.~~
(abstract the Motives) are not good nor Ill

For

For Actions, phyſically underſtood,
Are of themſelves indeed nor bad nor good.
But as the Laws direct their wild Caprice
This is a Virtue term'd, and that a Vice.
Another Day, the Actions ſtill the ſame,
The Laws aſſign them quite a diff'rent Name.
Courts truly learn'd! that can with ſo much Eaſe,
Depreciate or enhance whate'er they pleaſe.

Who wou'd have thought thoſe Rags the Beggar wore
Whoſe Pray'rs were daily threaten'd from your Door,
Now diſciplin'd the Sheet's fair Form to know
And ſign'd "*The Governor for Bank and Co:*"
E'en *Pelham*'s Self, to ſave a ſinking Land,
Suppliant ſhou'd aſk from *Gideon*'s truſtful Hand?

Yet

Yet *Pelham*'s lov'd, yet *Gideon*'s Fame is clear,
And *England* ſav'd thinks not her Rags too dear.

But we muſt now reſume the Pedant's Quill,
To prove ~~th' Abſurdity~~ how Blockheads of Good and Ill.
Well then, the Good (of which we now diſcourſe)
Is a pure Eſſence, always in full Force,
Not cramp'd by Accidents of Time or Place,
But to itſelf owes all its Strength and Grace.
A Drop to ſweeten Life's imbitter'd Stream,
Sought for by all, and a't of's in Eſteem.
As for its Oppoſite, we may ſuggeſt
'Tis in its Nature a malignant Peſt,
That all Mankind with ſecret Horror fly,
Bane to their Peace, and Poiſon to their Joy.

If

If ſo, then tell me what one Thing's allow'd
To be a gen'ral Ill or gen'ral Good?
Has not each Monarch, nay each petty Throne
Virtues and Vices, properly their own?
And without reas'ning much upon the Cauſe,
Make Good and Ill ſubſervient to their Laws.
Titles and Laws are merely Gibes and Sports
Monarchs invent to pleaſe or pique their Courts.
Thus *Nero* by a formal Act decreed
Rome as a Senator ſhou'd own his Steed.
Thus merry *Charles* one Day drew forth his Sword,
And dub'd a * Loin of Beef, ten'd rev'rend T——d.

Say why ſhall I uncenſur'd freely dine,
Oh *Bayonne!* on thy well-fed, well-cur'd Swine?

* A Sir-Loin, a Sir Rev——ce.

And

And if a Jew but eat one ſingle Slice,
Think he commits a moſt enormous Vice.
His Prince, perhaps, like many a ſov'reign Prieſt
Who bear more Hatred to a Faſt, than Feaſt,
Might down his wide rapacious Gullet cram
Too large a Quantity of *Lybian* Ham,
An * Indigeſtion thence his Brain might heat,
And cold Revenge forbid the luſcious Meat.

Viſit the manly *German*, ſtrait the Board
Smoaks with the Banquet of the gen'rous Lord.
The ready Key unlocks the mellow Store,
And freſh Libations ev'ry Inſtant pour,
In purple Eddies the light Head ſwims round,
And in the gen'ral Deluge Reaſon's drown'd.

* *Sanctorius* obſerves in his Statics, Sect. 3, Aphoriſms 22 and 23, that the Fleſh of Pork not only tranſpires but one third itſelf, but that it likewiſe hinders the Tranſpiration of other Aliments.

Then falls each Hero, but the laſt that falls
Is deify'd in Odes and Madrigals.
Not ſo the Turk, his Lip the limpid Stream
Refreſhes, and the Coffee's fragrant Steam.
The Grape ne'er touch'd his Tongue's enchanting Senſe
But what Reward has this mad Abſtinence?
Why, the fond Fool with airy Hopes is fed
That he ſhall drink whole Rivers, when he's dead.
Aſk you, my Friend, what Reaſon cou'd induce
The Prophet to forbid the ſacred Juice?
'Tis ſaid, young *Aſſian* enflam'd with Wine,
And fir'd, oh * *Aiſea*, with thy Charms divine,
Forc'd with a Lover's Strength, thy ſecret Bow'r,
His Star was kind, it was the lucky Hour,

* *Aiſea*, we are informed, was *Mahomet*'s ſecond Wife, and ſo far from repudiating her, as *Cæſar* did his Wife upon the like Occaſion, he would not even have her Fidelity ſuſpected, and wiſely convinced the World of her Chaſtity by a Chapter of the Alcoran, which *Gabriel* for that Purpoſe brought him down from Heaven. *Voyez Voltaire, de L'Alcoran et de Mahomet.*

Thy

Thy Heart was melting, and thou, cloſely preſs'd,
Receiv'd the Lover to thy panting Breaſt.
The Cuckold when he knew his Fate and Cauſe,
Baniſh'd the God of Wine by expreſs Laws.
As for the Raviſher, he ſpar'd his Life,
And only ſerv'd him, as he ſerv'd his Wife.

See that rich Cit, worn down with Age and Care;
His better Part, gay, witty, young and fair.
Aſk why he rails at *French* Brocades and Lace?
Doubtleſs Trade ſuffers. No, that's not the Caſe.
But when at Church appears ſome well-dreſs'd Beau,
His Wife's in Tranſports at the gaudy Shew.
The Dotard ſees her in his Rival's Bed,
And feels the Horns already on his Head.

Had Heav'n afflicted him with Boils all o'er,
Or wreck'd his Veſſels on *Carnarvon*'s Shore,
With Patience the great Ills he had ſuſtain'd,
Nor againſt angry Seas or Heav'ns complain'd.
But that his Wife ſhou'd from her Duty ſtray,
This is a Curſe, no Bleſſing can repay.
How much more wiſe in this Reſpect at leaſt
The chearful * *Laplander* receives his Gueſt.
When the warm Cup has thaw'd the frozen Life,
He begs you'd kiſs his Daughter and his Wife.
By her own Father the young Damſel's led,
Freely ſhe ſprings into the Stranger's Bed.
The Daughter favour'd, Joy fills all the Houſe:
The Huſband craves you'd honour next his Spouſe:

* *Voiez-Voiage de Laponie, dans la premiere tome des Ouvres de Regnard,* Pag. 95, *et paſſim.*

He

He brings the Dame, nor will he quit the Room,
Till he can witneſs his own Cuckoldom.
I grant indeed, this Side the *Bothnian* Marſh,
The name of Cuckold ſounds a little harſh.
But after all, what can this Spectre be?
The Women fear it not, then why ſhou'd we?

What means this Buſtle in the crowded Street?
I read Confuſion in each Face I meet.
And lo the Victim! Dragg'd along to Goal,
The Sex breath Vengeance, and vociferous rail:
And what's his Crime? His Crime, replies a Dame,
What has the Monſter not one Spark of Shame?
He merits Death, had he a thouſand Lives.
Oh the vile Wretch——what married to three Wives?

A Goal's

A Goal's too good——unfortunate young Man!
Had you been born at *Pekin* or *Japan*,
There, but maintain your Spouſes at their Eaſe,
And you may wed as many as you pleaſe.

Will you more Proofs, unprejudic'd to ſee
Virtue and Vice have their Locality?
Then view the Scenes where *Coggins*, *Wood*, and *Gold*,
(Spite of the Laws) their merry Vigils hold;
There the kind Nymph a real Paſſion feigns,
And fondly ſooths us in our am'rous Pains.
Yet hear the *Convocation*, and you'd ſwear
'Tis ripe Damnation, but to enter there.
If Love's the tyrant Paſſion of your Soul,
And you'd not riſque the Laws, nor Prieſts controul;

Erect

Erect your *Standard* on *Levantine* Ground
There public Stews on ev'ry Road abound.
Aſk you, if built by ſome abandon'd Rake?
No, by the Church: And for Religion's Sake.
For 'tis a * Goſpel-Principle of theirs,
That Kiſſing adds a Fervour to their Pray'rs.
And the firſt Path the Muſſulmen purſue
To reach at Heav'n, is to erect a Stew.
Happy the Traveller who feels the Fires
By frequent Motion rais'd, or warm Deſires:
At the firſt Brothel he deſcends of Courſe,
And baits his Luſt, as here you'd bait your Horſe;
Nature reliev'd, while he remounts his Steed,
A Dervis bleſſes the religious Deed.
Then bluſh not, *Wood*, nor Pimping diſallow,
The beſt of Men are Pimps, as well as thou.

* *Mahomet diſoit que la jouiſſance des femmes le rendoit plus fervent a la priére.*—Voltaire *de L'Alcoran et de Mahomet.*

But

But when thy Trade ſhall half a Plumb acquire,
Take my Advice, and prudently retire:
Purchaſe a Borough, 'tis no great Expence,
You'll ſoon be thought the Man of Conſequence.
Purchaſe; but where?——Produce the certain Sums,
And *Grampound* chuſes the firſt Pimp that comes.
Fear not a Seat; let little Knaves deſpair,
The *great* will be reſpected ev'ry where.
Honeſt or not, no Matter, Friend, for all
The Diff'rence is, if a great Rogue or ſmall.

Where *Monmouth-Street* her fripp'ry Trade diſplays,
Old Cloaths, old Wigs, old Boots and greazy Stays;
There if one ſingle Coat thou ſhou'dſt purloin,
In hopes upon the future Pawn to dine:

The watchful Eye thy luckleſs Theft perceives,
And *Newgate* one more Penſioner receives:
Up *Holborn*'s Hill in * *civil* Pomp thou'rt led,
And hang'd at *Tyburn* 'till thou'rt dead, dead, dead.
But if with nobler Proſpects, " to ſupport
" Thy coſtly Equipage, or ſhine at Court,"
Boldly thou ſteal ſucceſſively three Year
The Cloathing a whole Regiment ſhou'd wear,
A Martial Court ſhall try their Brother's Cauſe,
And they'll acquit thee, for they've martial Laws.

A Pyrate of the old *Ætolian* Stock,
Whoſe Neck was ſentenc'd to the fatal Block,
Aſk'd the great Conqu'ror of the World one Day,
How he cou'd dare to take his Life away.

* It is the Duty of the Sheriff's Officers to attend the Execution of Criminals; the *military Guard* was very prudently diſmiſſed by that worthy Citizen and true Patriot Mr. Alderman *Janſſen*.

Know'ſt thou not, bold Adventurer, ſays he,
I learn'd this ſcandalous baſe Trade of thee?
For when I ſaw thee waſte *Euphrates* Tide,
And ſafely plunder all the World beſide;
Methought I might in full Security
Now and then board a Bylander at Sea.
But had I robb'd ('tis Truth, I ſcorn all Slander)
More, and with more Succeſs than *Alexander*,
The Tables turn'd, the pointing Hand had ſhewn
Thee on my Block, and me upon thy Throne.

So for his *South-Sea* Pyracies, a Cord
Was *Timon*'s Lot, *Knightſon* was made a Lord.

'Tis thus *bad* Actions under Virtue's Name,
Gain inſtant Praiſe, and challenge deathleſs Fame:

While

While in Return we find the faireſt Deed
Oft meets the Recompence for Vice decreed.
See *Rome*'s brave Youth, their Swords in Blood imbru'd
Their Country reſcu'd, and their Foe ſubdu'd.
Merit like this what Wreath, what Crown ſhall grace?
Short Triumph! Read their inopin'd Diſgrace,
All doom'd to die, for tho' the Field was gain'd,
The Senate's Orders were not firſt obtain'd.
Rome! Rome thou verify'ſt the antient * Song
† "The greateſt Juſtice is the greateſt Wrong."

But why theſe Voyages to *Greece* and *Rome*?
Have we not fit Examples here at Home?
Ah, Frail! I wou'd not bring thee on the Stage,
To point my Verſes or to vent my Rage:

* See Abbot *du Bo*'s Remarks upon the Αειδειν and *Canere* of the Antients.
† *Summum jus, ſumma injuria.*

But

But that I daily ſee thy Beauties waſte,
Canker'd by falſe Opinions, and falſe Taſte:
Confus'd I ſee thee hurry thro' the *Park*,
No Matron curtſies, and ſalutes no Spark.
Think what's the Reaſon? 'Tis not that thy Heart
With Eaſe admits Love's gently-thrilling Dart.
But that thou treat'ſt thy high Degree with Scorn,
And grant'ſt thy Favours to the meanly born.
Had'ſt thou, when thou had'ſt more than mortal Charms,
Captiv'd ſome Monarch to thy worthy Arms,
The World this Day with Raptures wou'd adore
In thee, a *Yarmouth* or a *Pompador*.
The Dukes wou'd ſtrive to hand thee to thy Chair,
And whiſper *en paſſant* "divinely fair."
Mirepoix wou'd ſend expreſs a thouſand Mails
To learn the neweſt Faſhions at *Verſailles*;

The

The miter'd Prieſt wou'd lick his lech'rous Lip,
And leering cry "God bleſs your Ladyſhip."
My Muſe this Subject never cou'd exhauſt,
Nor can I count the Pleaſures thou haſt loſt:
Sooner I might in bold Preſumption ſay
How oft the CHESTERFIELD's a Dupe at Play.
Sooner repeat his Tenant's Diſcontent,
When *Bedford*'s Steward muſt *diſtrain* for Rent.
Sooner, oh *B—rry——e*! my Pen alone
Might write thy Follies, or excuſe my own.

11 / 7 / 49

F I N I S.

The mitred Priest would lick his lech'rous Lip,
And leering cry "God bless your Landship."
My Muse this Subject never could exhaust,
Nor can I count the Pleasures o'er half told :
Sooner I might in bold Presumption try
How oft the Christened's a Dupe at Play,
Sooner repeat his Tenants Discontents,
When Bayard's Steward mulcts their Farms for Rents,
Sooner, oh D——y——e! my Pen alone
Might write thy Follies, or encrease my own.

F I N I S.